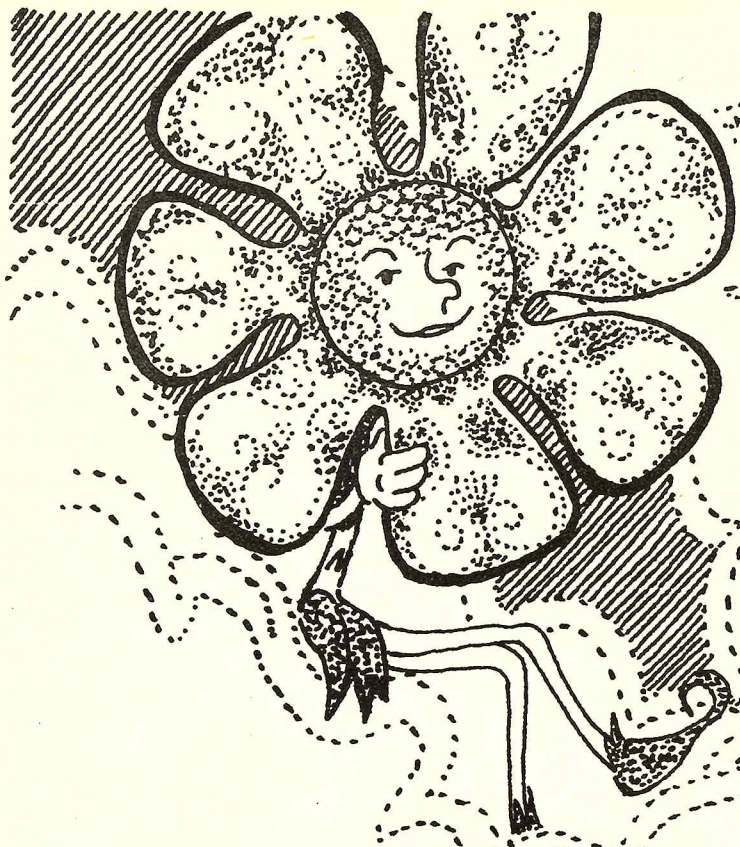
the Mother of Voices Presents

Vol.1
ISSUE 9. 25¢



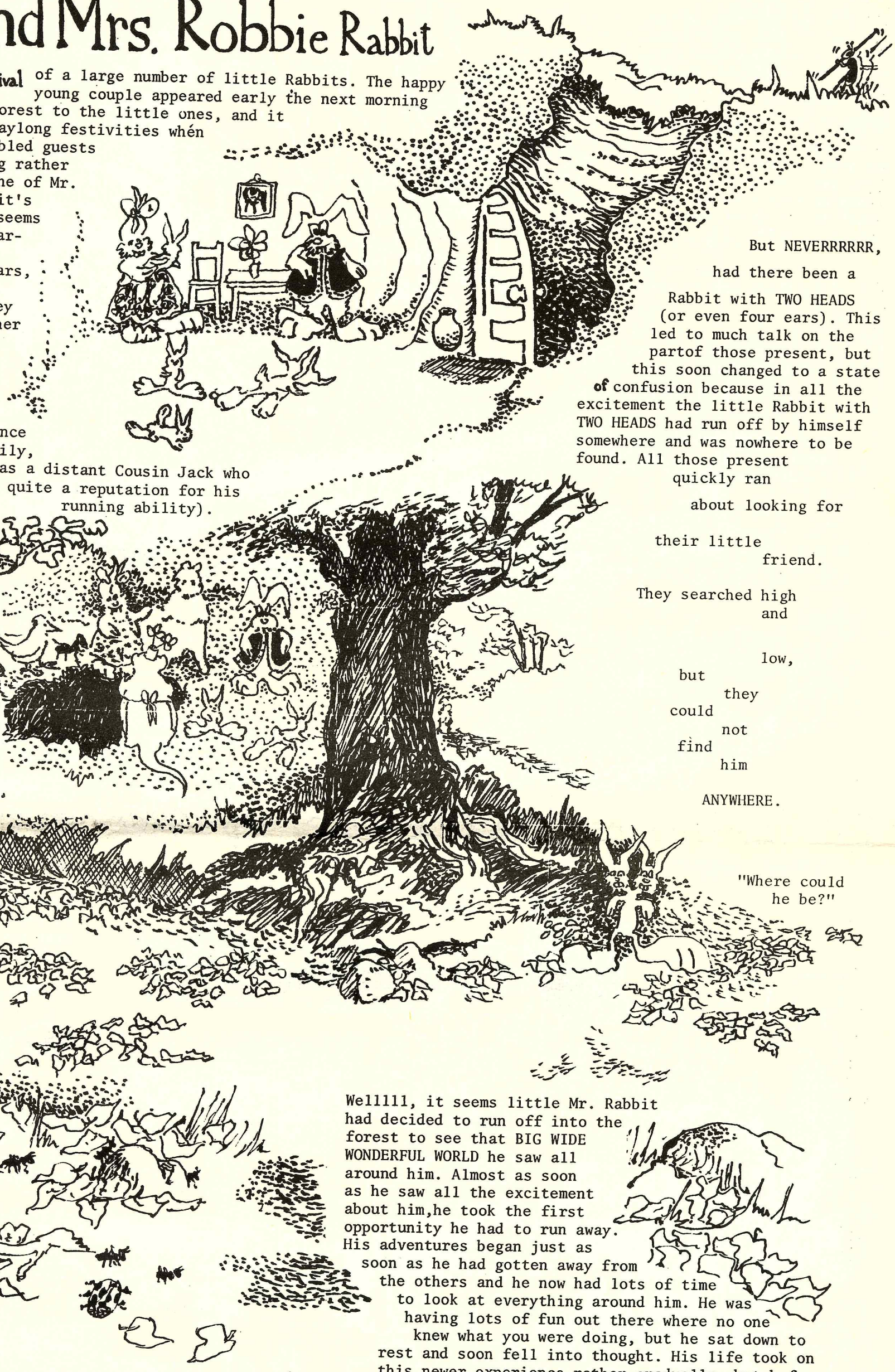
Hello BOYS AND GIRLS

my name is FRANKLIN.
I usually live in the forest, but my friends on the cover asked me to come upp here and tell you a little story about one of my PALS. SOOO, while I've got you here in front of me, I think I'll tell you a little bit of it now.

One day here in the...

...forest

Mr. and Mrs. Robbie Rabbit



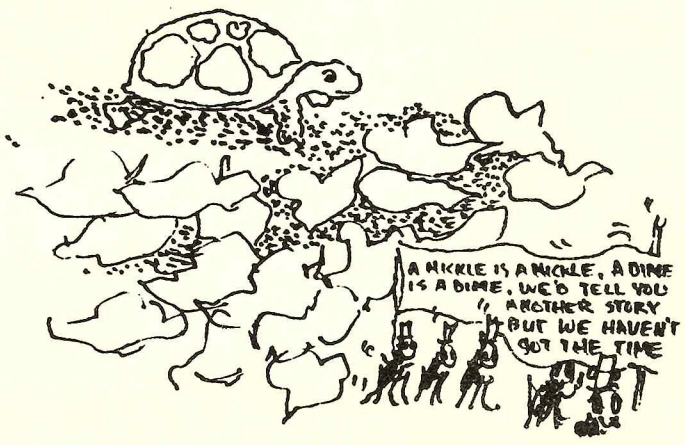
celebrated the arrival of a large number of little Rabbits. The happy young couple appeared early the next morning to present the forest to the little ones, and it was during the daylong festivities when one of the assembled guests noticed something rather peculiar about one of Mr. and Mrs. R. Rabbit's little sons. It seems as though this particular one was born with four ears, and upon further investigation they came to the further realization that the reason for these four ears was TWO HEADS. Now this was the first such occurance in the Rabbit family, (although there was a distant Cousin Jack who had quite a reputation for his running ability).

But NEVERRRRRR, had there been a Rabbit with TWO HEADS (or even four ears). This led to much talk on the partof those present, but this soon changed to a state of confusion because in all the excitement the little Rabbit with TWO HEADS had run off by himself somewhere and was nowhere to be found. All those present quickly ran about looking for their little friend.

They searched high and low, but they could not find him ANYWHERE.

"Where could he be?"

Wellllll, it seems little Mr. Rabbit had decided to run off into the forest to see that BIG WIDE WONDERFUL WORLD he saw all around him. Almost as soon as he saw all the excitement about him,he took the first opportunity he had to run away. His adventures began just as soon as he had gotten away from the others and he now had lots of time to look at everything around him. He was having lots of fun out there where no one knew what you were doing, but he sat down to rest and soon fell into thought. His life took on this newer experience rather gradually, but before long some funny things happened.....



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Being a Rabbit with TWO HEADS soon made the little son of the elder Rabbits feel as though he was in the middle of somethingorother. His TWO HEADS were deep inthought,but they soon struck up a conversation. The lefthead said,"I was thinking that I'd like to do what I can about helping this world, and gosh I think I just might be able to. You see , while we were sitting here I came up with a surenough solution. What do you think about that myotherhead?" For a reply to this invitation to speak, the righthead would only say,

"YOU'LL SEE"

and then wag his ears to the beat of some unknown tune accompanied by a

BIG BEAUTIFUL SMILE.

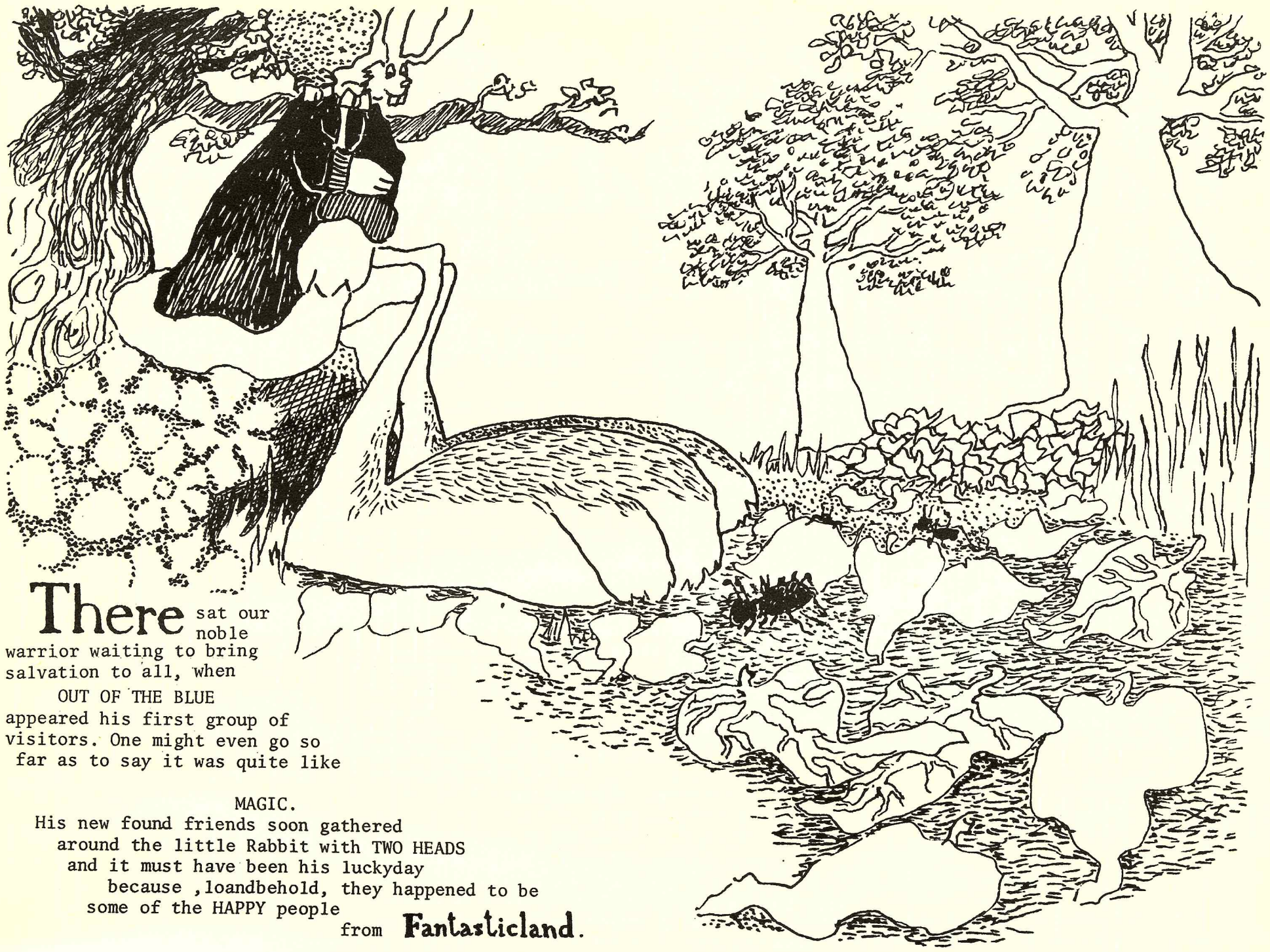
The lefthead could not seem to understand this at all, HE had something to do for the world and here he was stuck with a righthead who didn't seem to agree. Sooo, this soon led the lefthead to become very forlorn over his prospects for success.

Suddenly, he spotted a strange gathering on the horizon and he sensed he was about to meet somebody. He immediately reacted with his best SMILE, but then remembered his righthead. The lefthead had decided that his righthead was very simple, so he picked up one of the paperbags he found scattered on the ground and placed it over his seemingly unhelpful righthead.

"Now I can save them," he cried.

Being composed again, he sat down to await the first lucky recipient of honest-to-goodness saviour power.

"OH they will love ME forever," he sighed in blissful expectation.



There sat our noble warrior waiting to bring salvation to all, when

OUT OF THE BLUE

appeared his first group of visitors. One might even go so far as to say it was quite like

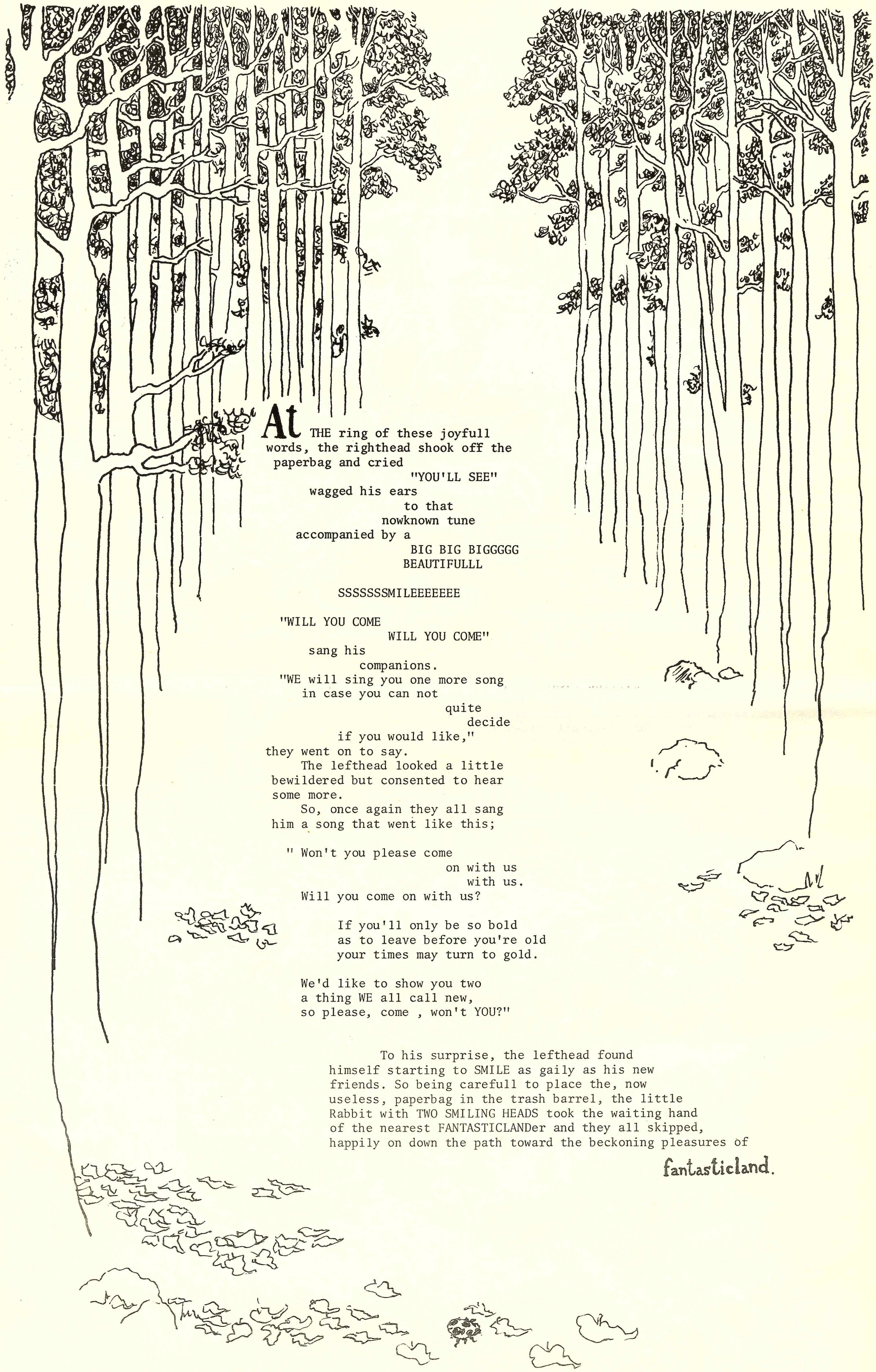
MAGIC.

His new found friends soon gathered around the little Rabbit with TWO HEADS and it must have been his luckyday because ,loandbehold, they happened to be some of the HAPPY people from **Fantasticland.**

They looked at our friend and he must have looked rather peculiar with his TWO HEADS but he looked even sillier with a paperbag over one of them.

Soon they all joined hands and formed a ring around the little Rabbit while they sang him this song;

"BOO-HOO there two-headed Rabbit, put that paperbag in the trash barrel where it belongs, and get yourself together and come off with us to the fountains of **Fantasticland.**



At THE ring of these joyfull
words, the righthead shook off the
paperbag and cried
"YOU'LL SEE"
wagged his ears
to that
nowknown tune
accompanied by a
BIG BIG BIGGGGG
BEAUTIFULLL

SSSSSSSMILEEEEEEE

"WILL YOU COME
WILL YOU COME"
sang his
companions.
"WE will sing you one more song
in case you can not
quite
decide
if you would like,"
they went on to say.
The lefthead looked a little
bewildered but consented to hear
some more.
So, once again they all sang
him a song that went like this;

" Won't you please come
on with us
with us.
Will you come on with us?

If you'll only be so bold
as to leave before you're old
your times may turn to gold.

We'd like to show you two
a thing WE all call new,
so please, come , won't YOU?"

To his surprise, the lefthead found
himself starting to SMILE as gaily as his new
friends. So being carefull to place the, now
useless, paperbag in the trash barrel, the little
Rabbit with TWO SMILING HEADS took the waiting hand
of the nearest FANTASTICLANDer and they all skipped,
happily on down the path toward the beckoning pleasures of

fantasticland.

(Special Disposable Spring News Supplement)

"If you cannot bring good news then don't bring any."

MOTHER OF VOICES

CITY EDITION
Weather: Milder than ever....

VOL I....No. 9 NORTHAMPTON, MASS. THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1968 25 CENTS

spring stirs whole world

The changing of the seasons has always been a topic anthropologists have thrived upon. The ways in which various peoples celebrate the arrival of Spring has been especially wondrous. Some of the more traditional ceremonies-- the animal sacrifices in Mozambique, the human sacrifices in Paris, the parades throughout the world-- are well known. In faraway Pawtucket, Rhode Islanders gather each year for the labelling of the poplar tree in the town green. The Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco is well known for its community planting ceremonies each Spring.

The common people tend to celebrate Spring in more mundane yet equally exciting ways. This reporter covered some major and minor events all over the world. In L.A., citizens were urged to breathe deeply as part of a city-wide spring campaign to eliminate smog. In New York, a few weeks before his timely death, Cardinal Spellman was overheard at a cocktail party reading poetry about the recent surge of the Death of Spring Theologians.

The most joyful expression of Spring took place in the normally quiet suburban city of Passaic, N.J., where after a festival purported to be a "celebration of the meeting of the Cosmos and Bacchus," one happy man rushed to a stage and shouted his plans for a Summer of Love in East Orange.

Lyle Fisk, long-time Minister of Popular Culture for Passaic proposed last week that the citizens celebrate the coming of Spring in a truly Bacchanalian fashion, in the form of a city-wide picnic to be held in Bert's Park.

Yesterday at 1:00 PM Minister Fisk announced the beginning of festivities to the thousands of enthusiasts by introducing Passaic's Poet, Laurie Yeht, who read his new poem inspired by joy love, Spring and Passaic:

"Ah, Spring. . ."

(full text of poem appears on page 28).

The afternoon progressed with more poetry, potato-sack races, horse-shoe playing and finally the presentation by Mayor Barber of the Flora and Fauna Queen.

Passaic has a population of (continued on page (continued on page 28)).

Seasons Greetings

Spring is here in New York City today, and evidence abounds everywhere, especially on the two busiest streets of N.Y.: Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street.

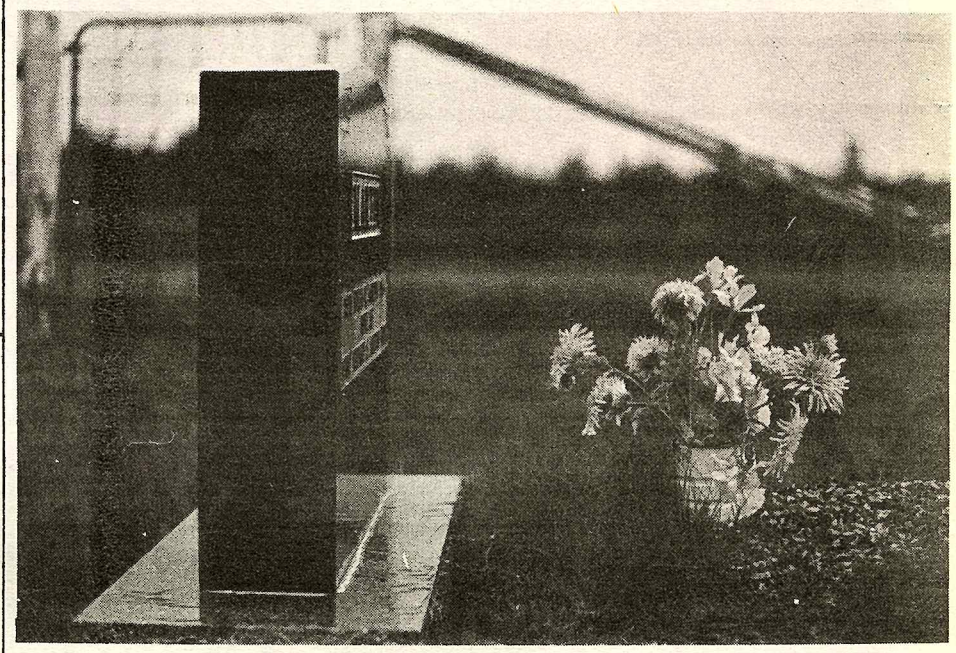
On 5th Avenue shoppers and just plain folks were skipping gayly up and down the sidewalks, looking at the pretty pastels in the windows of Bergdorf-Goodman and Tate's (one shopper idly whistling "It's Apple Blossom Time" in front of Tate's imported East Indian spring fashion window display commented, "He who has no Tate's is lost.")

Shoppers stopped to greet each other in the typical New York style, and continued happily on their way, a little bit richer for having done so.

The flowers in front of Alexanders seemed to be nodding their petals to the passers-by (the plastic displays were on sale today in many stores on the Avenue.) One bright young store manager had placed a tape recorder, triggered by an electric eye, behind some flowers. When a shopper walked by, the flowers began to recite, in pastel tones, a poem:

"Ah, Spring..."

(full text of poem on p. 28)



THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER

Ringo Raps

Beatle drummer, Ringo Starr, recently cut short his meditational vacation in India to return to England with his wife. The New York Times reported that he was dissatisfied with the food and anxious to return to his family. An English friend of Mother was granted a brief interview with Ringo shortly after his return from the East.

Q. We understand you were unhappy with your activities in India. Would you explain your reasons for leaving the Maharishi and the other Beatles?

A. Well, to tell you the truth, Maureen and I were sick of this meditation crap and we really wanted to get back to England and smoke some dope.

(continued p.88)

JOHN HARDING NOT GUILTY

John Wesley Harding was a friend to the poor. He travelled with a gun in every hand. All along this countryside he opened many a door, but he was never known to hurt an honest man. It was down in Janey County the time they talk about. With his lady by his side, he took a stand. And soon the situation there was all but straightened out, for he was always known to lend a helping hand. All across the telegraph his name it did resound, but no charge held against him could be proved. And there was no man around who could track or chain him down. He was never known to make a foolish move.

COUNTRY GOES TO POT

President Johnson's blue-ribbon committee on the ecological effects of marijuana on white Americans during adolescence reported, after twenty seven weeks of testimony and serious smoking, that the growing number of balloo-headed youngsters going about these days poses an extreme danger to the United States.

The committee concluded that, in the words of Dr. Hester of the Subcommittee on Empirical Inquiry, "these kids live longer,. . ." and ". . . besides, they're having more fun than we ever did."

Dr. Hester predicted that the proven longevity of marijuana users will bring about a crisis in external and internal living space by 1978 and that extreme measures were needed to counteract this growing "menace." Br. Hester recommended shooting

(cont. on p.9)

FISH POLLUTION

According to a recently published report by the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration, thousands of fish each year pollute our waterways so that industry cannot use them to the fullest capacities.

Criticism to this re-

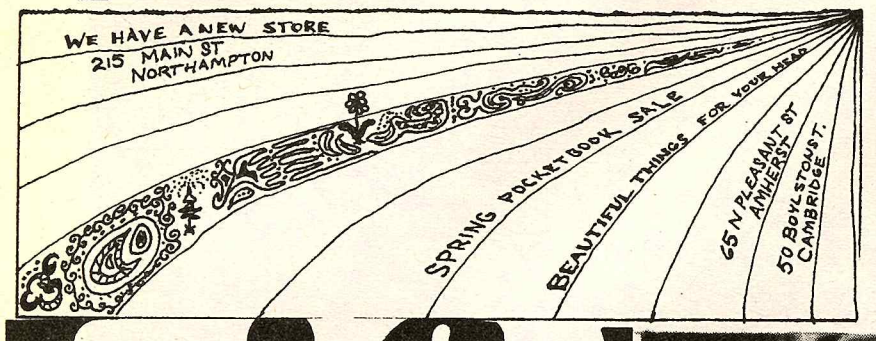
(continued p.88)

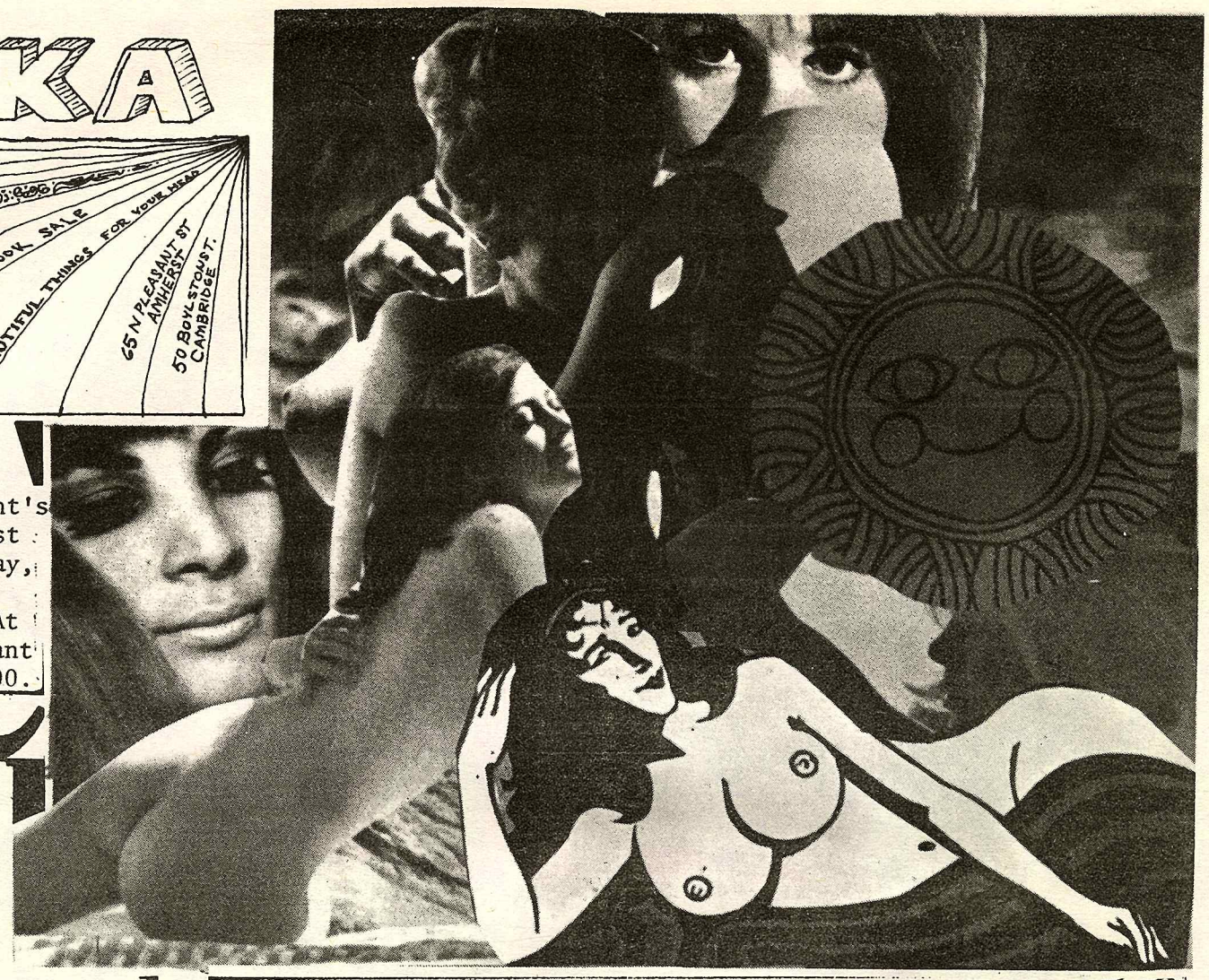
The War is Over

Troop transport planes left Saigon last night carrying the last of the American forces back to the United States. Gen. William Westmoreland still remains in Saigon--though against the orders of the President of the U.S. "I will not desert a sinking ship," said this last American serviceman in Vietnam. He

(continued on page 30)

BARAKA





Benefit Performance of Bertold Brecht's "A Man's A Man," Sponsored By Amherst College Students For McCarthy, Sunday, April 7, 8:30 P.M. Kirby Theatre, Amherst College, Tickets Available At McCarthy Headquarters, 103 N. Pleasant Street, Amherst, Mass., $2.00 & $5.00.

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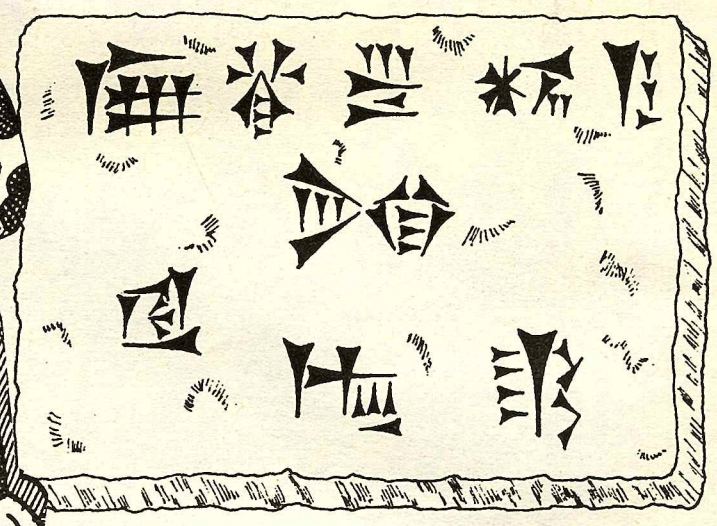

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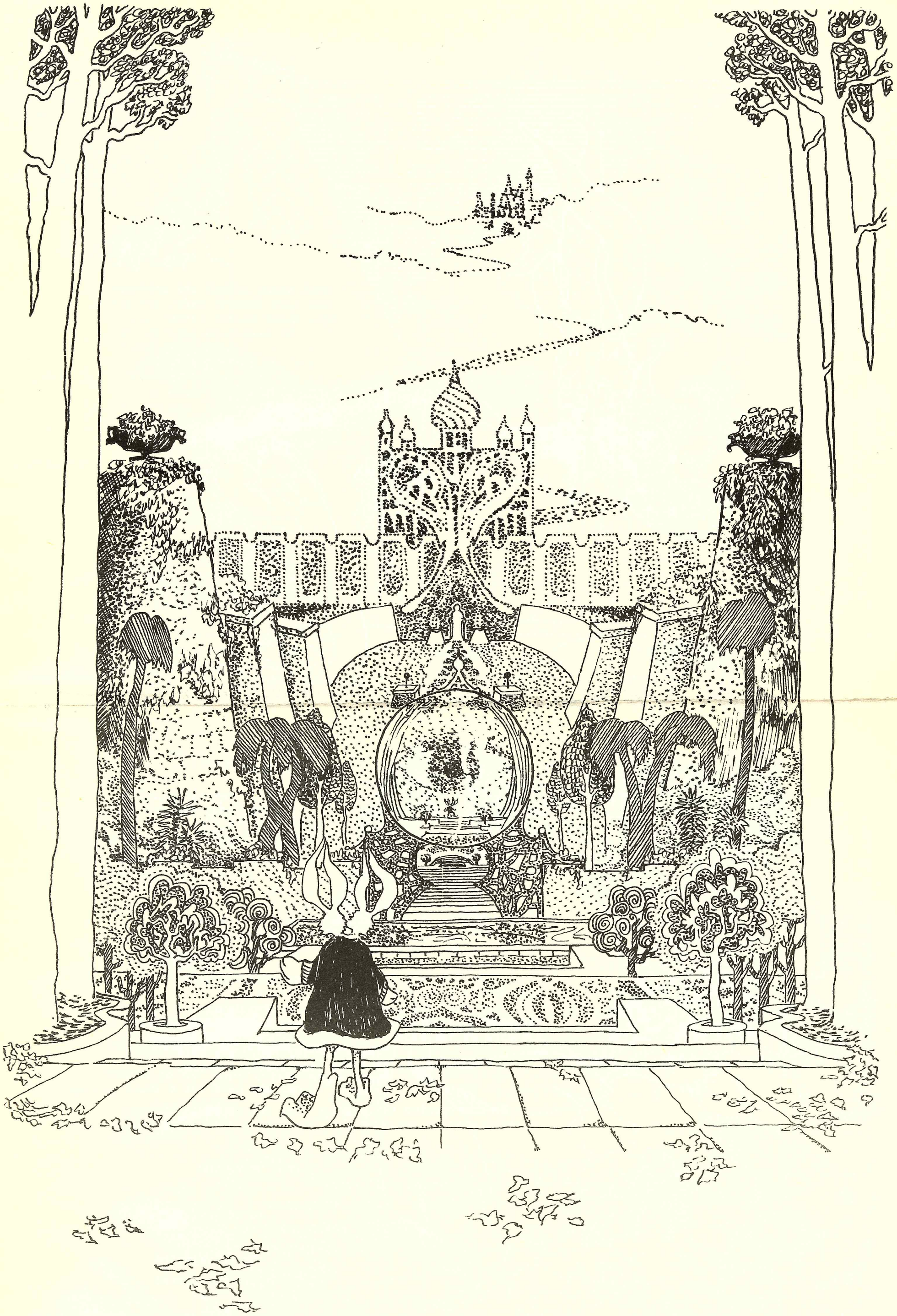
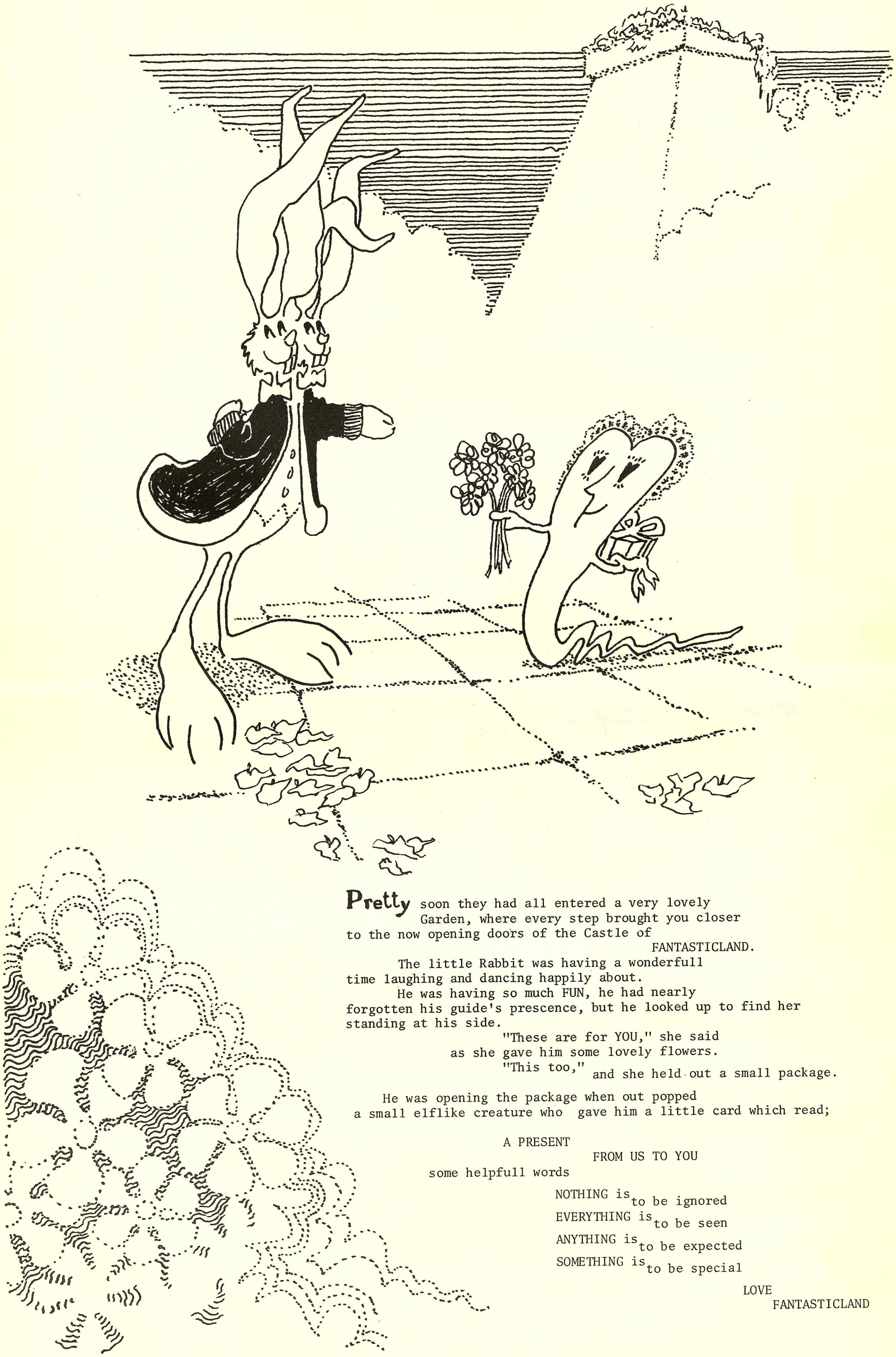




Pretty soon they had all entered a very lovely Garden, where every step brought you closer to the now opening doors of the Castle of FANTASTICLAND.

The little Rabbit was having a wonderfull time laughing and dancing happily about.

He was having so much FUN, he had nearly forgotten his guide's prescence, but he looked up to find her standing at his side.

"These are for YOU," she said
as she gave him some lovely flowers.
"This too," and she held out a small package.

He was opening the package when out popped a small elflike creature who gave him a little card which read;

A PRESENT
FROM US TO YOU
some helpfull words

NOTHING is to be ignored
EVERYTHING is to be seen
ANYTHING is to be expected
SOMETHING is to be special

LOVE
FANTASTICLAND

After

thanking his lovely guide (and ALL his other friends TOO) the little Rabbit joined hands with them all and continued ON TOWARD THE CASTLE.

A little further on, the little Rabbit found he was holding hands with a tiny little man dressed in a funny uniform with lots of shiny buttons.

"HI, My name is Mr. GEE." said the funny little man. "I'm here to give you a name. What do YOU think it might be?"

The little Rabbit stood for a moment in thought, but in the next moment he looked behind him and then turned and said in very quiet tones;

"Back therrre, I didn't have time to get a name for myself, herrre, I guess I'll be able to use any YOU can give ME."

The funny little man smiled at the surely lucky little son of Mr. and Mrs. Robbie Rabbit and then placed a little fancy ribbon on his chest.

The little Rabbit beamed all over with his new found decoration as he proudly showed the others.

When the others looked at him now, they saw the little ribbon with white letters saying,

I
AM

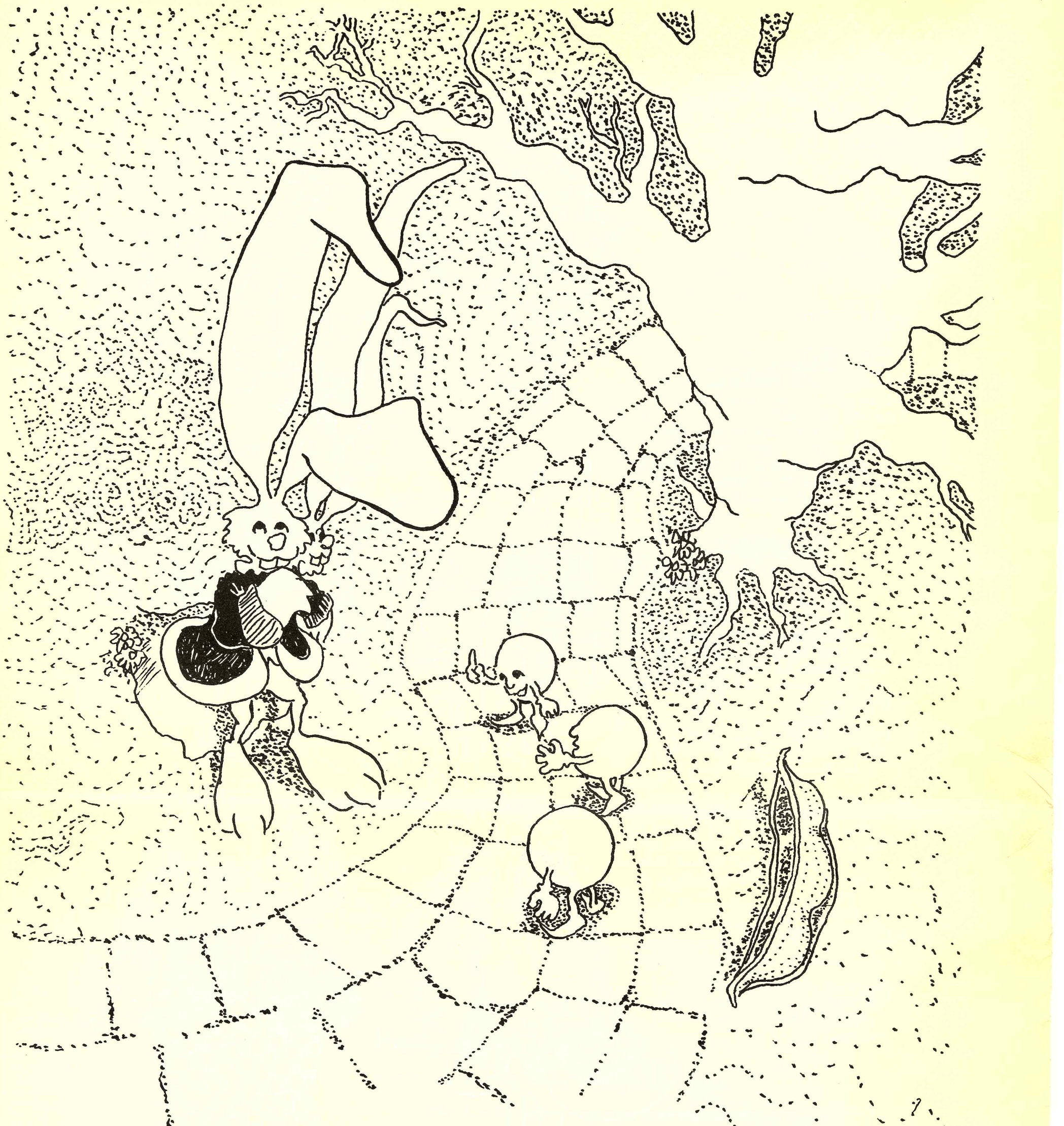
REMEMBER

The little Rabbit

From then on, our little friend was known as

REMEMBER the little Rabbit.

"THANKS to the funny little man," he cried.



Remember the little Rabbit was hardly accustomed to his new fortunes when what did he see but, three teenyweeny PEAS.

They came huffing and puffing up toward REMEMBER squeaking STOP!STOP!

The little Rabbit quite feared he might do them some purely dreadfull harm if he were to step upon them, so came to a rather quick STOP.

"HEY REMEMBER," they shouted up to him. "PEAS sit down so we can talk. With you sitting down you'll be smaller and we'll be able to see you better."

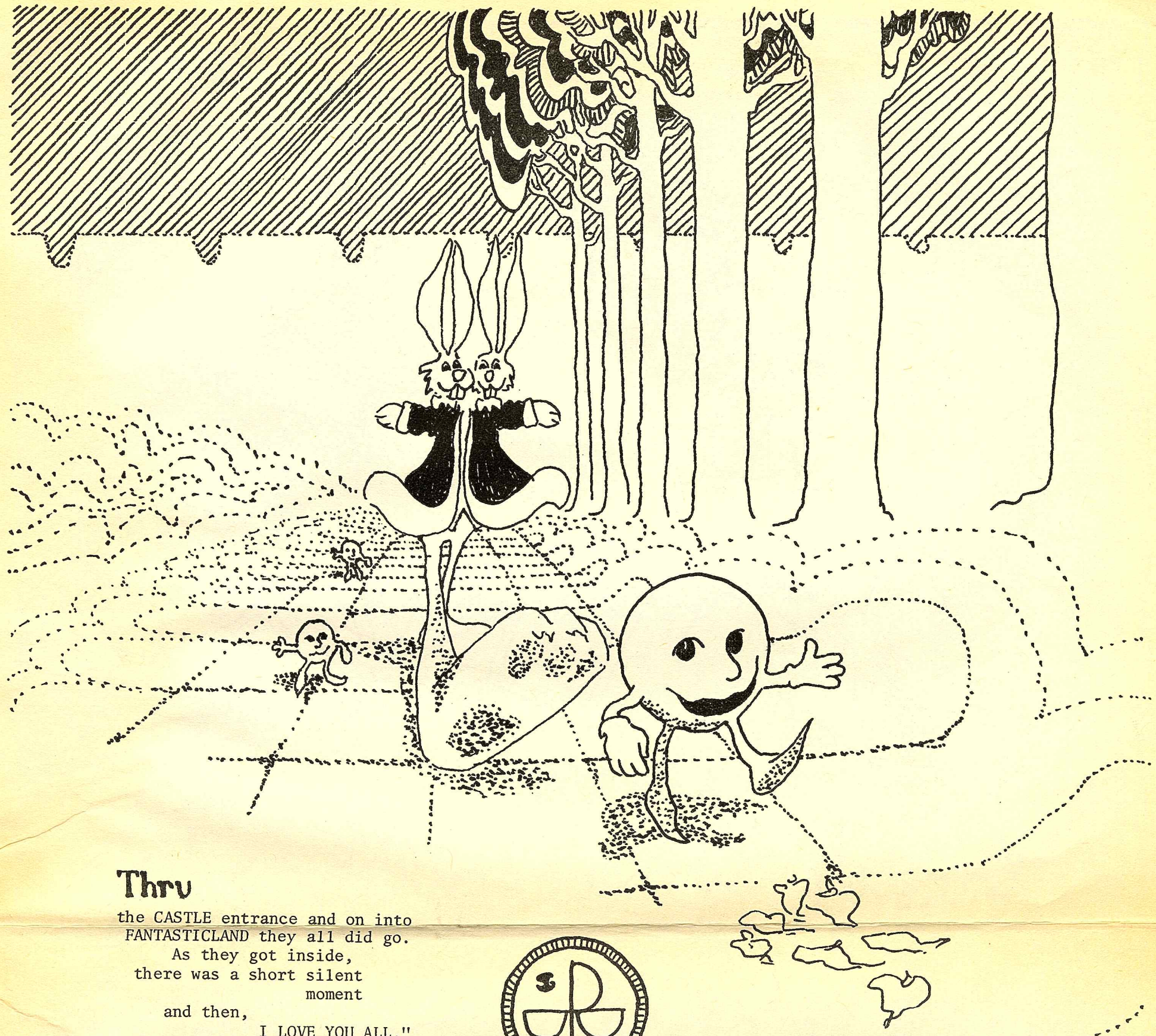
So REMEMBER sat down by the side of the path with the three teenyweeny PEAS.

As soon as they were all seated, one of the three teenyweeny PEAS got up and said to REMEMBER, "I'm the PEA they call PAST, and I'll walk along behind you."

Then another of the three teenyweeny PEAS got up and said to REMEMBER, "I'm the PEA they call PRESENT, and I'll walk along at your side."

Finally,the other one of the three teenyweeny PEAS got up and said to REMEMBER, "I'm the PEA they call POTENTIAL, and I'll walk along in front of you."

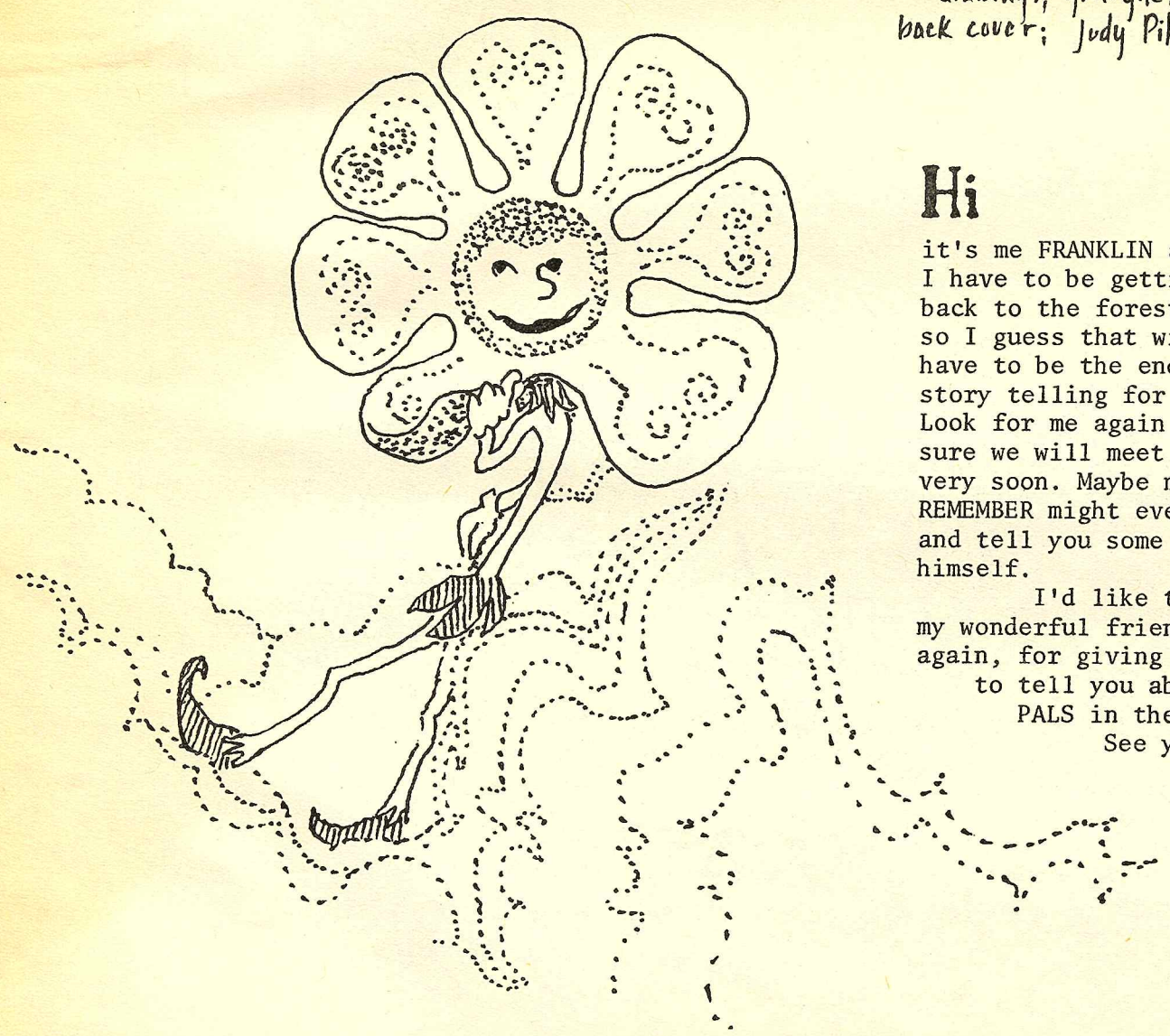
Then all together, the three teenyweeny PEAS said to REMEMBER, our little Rabbit friend, "WE WILL ALLWAYS BE YOUR FRIENDS.....



Thru

the CASTLE entrance and on into
FANTASTICLAND they all did go.
As they got inside,
there was a short silent
moment
and then,
I LOVE YOU ALL,"
said
REMEMBER, the little Rabbit.

story; James Michael Sullivan
drawings; G. N. Giles
back cover; Judy Pihl



Hi

it's me FRANKLIN again.
I have to be getting
back to the forest now,
so I guess that will
have to be the end of my
story telling for awhile.
Look for me again and I'm
sure we will meet again
very soon. Maybe my PAL
REMEMBER might even come
and tell you some more
himself.
I'd like to thank
my wonderful friends, once
again, for giving me this chance
to tell you about my
PALS in the forest.
See you soon.

HAPPY HAPPY HAPPY SPRING
LOVE
FRANKLIN

COLOR
ME
HI
IT'S WAY